

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, December 12, 1889.

Terms of \$1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 21.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeel.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Herold.
Clerk of the Court, J. J. Beard.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.

Com'rs Co. Cl., C. E. Board.
S. D. Hannah.
G. P. Moore.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, 2nd Monday in June and 3rd Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is July term.

C. F. MOORE.

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBOGAST,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SPYDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

D. J. R. WYLMOUTH,
RESIDENT DISTRICT,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in the Times.

D. K. F. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.

WOLF'S ACME Blacking
BEATS THE WORLD. It is the Best
HARNES DRESSING
The BEST for Wolf's Saddle
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WOLF & SADDLERY, PHILADELPHIA

THE OLD STOVE.

"Nancy!" said Mr. Moppet.
"Sir!" responded Nancy.
Mr. Moppet was coming in from the garden path. Nancy, with plump white arms bared to the elbows, was washing the breakfast dishes in a deep pan of hot soap-suds.
Mr. Moppet was a hard featured elderly man, with whitish blue eyes, a strongly fringed white beard beneath his square chin, and a bald cranium. Nancy was fresh colored and bright eyed, with silky tendrils of auburn hair drooping over her freckled forehead, and a certain dimple perpetually playing at hide and seek on her left cheek. The two completely realized Shakespeare's ideal of "Crabbed Age and Youth."

"I'm agoin' to town," said Mr. Moppet. "You won't need to lile no pot viduals for dinner. Waste makes want. A cup o' tea and a biled egg and what's left o' yesterday's pork and greens—that'll be all you need."

"Yes, father, acquiesced Nancy. She was thinking of something else all the while.
"And, taldin' 'bout eggs," added Mr. Moppet, "you may take four dozen up to Peach Farm. Mrs. Wixon wants plenty on 'em to make cake for her niece's party. Better get 'em this mornin'."

Nancy colored scarlet under the auburn fringe of hair.
"Can't I send 'em up by little Bill Becker, father?" said she. "Webster Wixon will be there, and—and I don't like Webster Wixon, and his red nose and his compliments."

Mr. Moppet frowned.
"Nancy," said he, "don't be a fool. I can see through ye, like ye was a pane o' glass. Webster Wixon's a well-to-do man, with money out at interest, and you'd oughter be tickled to death that he's took a notion to you."

"But, father—"
"Not another word," grumbled Mr. Moppet. "I know just exactly what's comin'. It's that foolish notion about Absalom Parker, that I hoped you'd got over long ago. Absalom kin't no property, and ain't like to have none, and no daughter o' mine ain't goin' to marry your Grandfather Atkins's hired man nor if I know it."

He paused with this multiplicity of double negatives. Nancy set her small, pearl white teeth together; her eyes flashed with hard fire. It was a clear case of true love versus money.

"Take them eggs straight up to Peach Farm," reiterated Mr. Moppet, shaking his forefinger at Nancy, "and don't argue the p'int no further. I'm your father, and I know what's best for you."

"But your going right past the Wixons' door?"
"No, I ain't neither. I'm goin' the Horn Hill Road. I've been appointed by the Supply Committee to buy an striglit wood stove for the church," he added with some complacency. "The old one's rusted clear out, so there's danger o' fire every time its used, and the brethren have subscribed twenty dollars for a new one—hardways, a second hand one'd be just as good."

Webster Wixon, a fat, middle-aged bachelor, was not helping to gather the October apples on the north side of the house when Nancy came up. He made haste to withdraw.

"Good mornin', Miss Nancy," said he. "An' how are you?"

"Here's your eggs," spoke Nancy, curvly.
"Sit down a spell, won't ye?" simered Mr. Wixon.
"I'm in a hurry," said Nancy.
"But, Nancy—"
"My name is Miss Moppet sir!"
"I've got something very particular to say to you, Nancy," urged the middle aged suitor.
"I'll have to keep," said Nancy.
"I've got to get right home."

"Can't I walk with you a piece?"
"I'd rather go alone," she persisted.
"Nancy—Miss Moppet—I must speak!" blurted out the old bachelor. "I love you better'n all the world! I want to make you Mrs. Webster Wixon! There, that's what I had on my mind! And your good father, he says it would suit him exactly, and—"

Nancy wheeled around and faced her eager suitor.
"Is it me or father you're a-courtin'?" said she.
"Why yes, of course!"
"Then take my answer—No!"

And without waiting for the return of her cheeks blushing, her breath coming quick and fast.
"Father! be awful mad," she thought, "let I'd sooner die than marry that man!"

Webster Wixon stood a minute gazing after her in crestfallen silence, then he went back to apple harvesting with an ominous compression of his lips.

"The madder she gets the prettier she looks," thought he. "Well, well, time will show. Brother Moppet says she shall be my wife, and that ought to count for considerable."

Mr. Moppet drove leisurely on to Horn Hill, drove an excellent bargain for a highly ornamental wood stove, after having successively interviewed every hardware dealer in town, and set forth to return with it in his wagon just at dusk.

"It's a warm day for the time o' year," said he, "and it's easier travelin' for the horse after dark. It ain't a bad day's work, come to think on't, I beat Brother Piper down pretty well on the price, and it's worth a dollar'n half to cart the thing home over these bumpy roads. They towed twenty dollars for it, and I got it for fifteen. Takin' my time and wheel wear and horsefeed into consideration, I guess I won't say nothin' about the old five dollars. Business is business. It's a proper pretty pattern, too—thistle leaves and acorns. I'd like one the same fashion in my best room, and—why shouldn't I have it? There's that second hand stove Granther Atkins took for a debt from Solomon Grubb. It's just standin' rustin' away in his back wood shed. I'll fetch it home to-morrow and black it up, and let Bill Becker mender it. I got a better notion now, and I'll have the nice new stove for myself, and nobody'll be none the wiser, now that Granther Atkins is confined to his bed with creeps' paralysis and Absalom Parker's up in the wood lot, choppin' down trees for winter firewood. It's a good idea. I'm glad I happened to think of it."

He drew rein opposite the Atkins house. All was dark and quiet there save the one red light that burned in old Mr. Atkins's bedroom.

At that identical moment, had he but known it, Absalom Parker—the old man's general foreman—was hanging over the garden gate

of his own place, talking to pretty Nancy among the purple hahlias and quilled asters.

"And it was no difficult task for a man of John Moppet strength skillfully to lift the old stove out of its place in the outer shed into his wagon.

"Git up, Prince," he muttered to his horse, shaking the reins, and away they went.

Elder Mearns was not quite satisfied with the bargain. The church brethren, too, would have preferred a new stove, considering the money they had spent; but Brother Moppet was a man in authority, and they were compelled to acquiesce in his choice.

Nancy was delighted with the new acquisition for the best room.
"Oh, isn't it pretty?" said she.
"Yes," nodded Mr. Moppet, rubbing his hands, "it'll sort o' dress up the room for your wedding."

"My wedding?"
"Jest so. I've arranged matters with Webster Wixon, and—"
Nancy burst into tears, and ran out of the room.

Mr. Moppet glared balefully after her.
"She shall marry him," muttered he, "or she shall be no darter o' mine! I won't be set at defiance by—"
"Why, hellos, Absalom Parker, what brings you here?"

"Mr. Atkins is took worse this afternoon," said Absalom, standing at the doorway, like a rustic Apollo.
"Wants to see ye—right off?"

It was a Saturday afternoon. As Mr. Moppet drove by the church door, he saw the lost of wood being delivered for the first fire of the season.

"Jest in time!" said he to himself. "There's a frosty feel in the air."

Grandfather Atkins lay among his pillows, like a writhed ghost.
"John, he saw the lost of wood being delivered for the first fire of the season."

"Jest in time!" said he to himself. "There's a frosty feel in the air."

John Moppet uttered an exclaiming bitter cry as he remembered the lighted match he had put to the crumpled papers in the stove, to make sure of a straight when it was put up in the northwest corner of the church—the rear of the blaze through the lengths of blue stain pipe. In his excellent management he had contrived to over-smoke himself.

He went home and sat all the evening in a nest of sinners, with his head in his hands.
Nancy looked about her home—old looks, watched him with hard eyes of despair.

"I don't know," he thought, "what of Absalom Atkins' good thing."

"Six times five is thirty—six times five is thirty," mused Mr. Moppet, rocking to and fro. "Six five hundred dollar bills! Three—thousand—dollars—and all gone up chimblin' in one breath o' wind and me as done it! I shall go crazy. I shall lose my mind. Three—thousand—dollars! It's a judgment on me. I've been a miserable sinner, and cheated the church. I've tempted with my own conscience. Six five hundred dollar bills! Oh, Lord, there ain't no calculation what a miserable sinner I've been!"

As the old kitchen clock struck nine, Absalom Parker came in, bringing with him a gust of fresh, frosty air.

"Evenin' Squire," said he. "I'm sort o' looking up the watchers. Spose you'd like to be one of 'em? But I'd like to speak a word to you first."

"If it's about Nancy, it ain't no use, said Mr. Moppet, rousing himself to the affairs of the world with some petulance.

"It ain't about Nancy," Absalom answered, with a smile. "It's about Mr. Atkins' money."

Mr. Moppet gave a start.
"Oh, you needn't jump so," reassured Absalom. "It's all safe. He took a flat parcel out of his pocket."

"Connt 'em," said he. "Six ain't there?"

Mr. Moppet stared at Absalom Parker as Absalom might have stared at the Genii.

"How—where?" he stammered. Absalom gave a low chuckle.
"Hush!" said he. "Don't speak loud. I seen the old man kin' 'em there, like a human mangle as he was. I knowed it wasn't safe, so I quietly took 'em out, arter he'd had that last stroke, and beaked 'em in his black leather trunk up in the garret. And you may thank me that they wasn't all burned up in the first fire you lighted in that identical stove!"

Mr. Moppet turned a purplish red.
"You know about that stove?" said he, with a gasp.

"It wasn't likely no such counting would go on about Mr. Atkins place, and we not know it," said Parker, drily. "The stove wasn't of no great consequence, though, except for old iron. I guess the church folks'll get sick of it before a great while."

Mr. Moppet drew a long breath.
"When they do," said he, "I'll make 'em a present of a brand new one. And, Absalom—"
"Yes, Mr. Moppet?"
"You won't say nothin' to nobody?"

"No," said Absalom, "I ain't one of the talkin' sort."

"And, Absalom—"
"Yes, Mr. Moppet?"
"Since you and Nancy really are attached to each other—"
"We're just that, Mr. Moppet."

"I don't see no objection to your gettin' married this fall," said Moppet, with an effort. "You may tell Nancy that she has my consent. Nancy tried a shower of happy tears when Absalom told her the good news.
But he never imparted to her the story of the stove. As he himself had remarked, "he was not out of the talkin' sort."



Pocahontas Times.
JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
 EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
 One copy, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance, after 6 months, \$1.50; after 12 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.
December 12, 1899.

A young brakeman was knocked off a train and killed while passing through a bridge near Mountsides the other day.

A man in Wheeling the other day deliberately crawled under a moving train.—It is scarcely necessary to say that he died.

The editor of a newspaper in Germany is on trial in that country for stating that Emperor William rode in a second-class cab.

Class. W. T. Alder a young man was arrested a few days ago in Taylor Co., charged with the brutal and mysterious murder of Jacob Morgan about 18 months ago on Bushy run that Co.

Judge Thomas C. Groves, of the West Virginia Supreme Court, died at his home in Charleston the 4th inst., at the age of 78. He had been on the bench since 1875, and was regarded as one of the ablest jurists of the country.

Cyrus Fillmore, brother of him once President, died at his home near Lagrange, Ind., Monday, of typhoid fever, at the age of 87. His wife, aged 85, is dangerously sick. A son of the ex-President died a short time ago at Buffalo.

Some negroes in Wheeling a few days ago while in a barbershop thought they would have some fun out of a sleeping negro by pouring a pint of Alcohol over him and lighting it, which resulted in burning him very seriously and may die. They have been arrested and their pretorial jinks may land them in the penitentiary.

One of the keepers in the Raymond Street, New York, Jail made a survey of the prisoners to ascertain how their opinions stood as to the guilt for innocence of John firewrecker condemned to die for murder, and whom Governor Hill refused to reprieve. All but two of the 348 voted him innocent. The majority was not so absurd as it seems, as it shows how crime sympathies with crime and can always be expected to proceed it when that is possible.

WASHINGTON LETTER.
 (From our regular correspondents.)
WASHINGTON, December 9.—Senator Vance is in dead earnest in his fight on the burning civil service law. He thinks it ought to go and he has the courage of his convictions; hence he has introduced a bill in the senate providing for its repeal and he says it is his purpose to force a vote upon it. It is possible during the session. If there be any thing done in this matter it is more probable that it will be accomplished by failing to make the necessary appropriation for the support of the commission than by a direct repeal of the law, though the latter course would be much more speedy.

The non-action of the democratic House causes heavy criticism to be leveled at the House of Representatives.

interests on the floor of the House. No better or slier leader could be found, and experience will soon show that it is far better to have one man in control than a committee of fifteen, as was at first proposed.

It argues well for future democratic success in the House that one of the republican caucus nominations—Rev. C. B. Ramsdell for Chaplain—was defeated at the organization of that body and the old Chaplain, Dr. Milburn re-elected.

Speaker Reed is having a high old time trying to satisfy the wants of his republican colleagues in the matter of committee chairmanships. It is extremely doubtful whether the committees will be announced before the Christmas recess.

Mr. Harrison has gone to Chicago, and it is stated at the White House that he will go to Indianapolis before returning home.

David J. Brewer, of Kansas, has been nominated to be associate Justice of the Supreme Court. He has been United States Judge, of the eighth Kansas circuit since 1884. Little is known of him here further than the fact that he is a nephew of Justice Stephen J. Field. The republicans do not fancy the appointment much, but there is no open opposition, and Mr. Brewer will probably be confirmed by the Senate.

Eight columns of solid nonpartisan without a single original idea. That's the feat accomplished by President Harrison in writing his annual message to Congress, and the manner of presentation is equally as hackneyed as the ideas presented. Never, during an experience in Washington covering the administrations of five Presidents, has your correspondent seen a Presidential message fall as flat as this one has. The message will make Mr. Harrison no friends, and with the exception of the absurd paragraph relating to politics in the South, will make him no enemies. Mr. Blaine's worst enemy will not accuse him of having had any hand in the preparation of this message, for whatever else Mr. Blaine may be, he is always original and brilliant. More republicans than ever, now refer to Mr. Harrison as Hayes.

The House adjourned from Tuesday to Thursday.

Three Federal election bills have already been introduced in the Senate, two by Mr. Spooner and one by Mr. Sherman. Mr. Chandler's bill applying only to some of the Southern States will also shortly be introduced in the House. All of which is a useless waste of time on the part of these gentlemen, for if there are any one thing upon which the democrats of the House are thoroughly agreed, it is that no Federal election bill shall go through the House.

Mr. Randall has not yet been able to resume his seat in the House. He thinks he is well enough to do so but his physician positively forbids it.

The District bill, which caused the great dead lock in the last House, has been again introduced in the Senate. The bill is certain to pass Senate, but owing to the large number of new members in the House its fate there is not so certain, although the probabilities are all in favor of its passage.

The national wood growers association has been in session here this week. Its members feel somewhat alarmed at the outlook. They fear that the demand for live wood that is constantly being made by eastern manufacturers will at last have its effect upon Congress. They are afraid of hard, who is believed to spend his whole life and will not find relief until the republican members of the House committee on Ways and Means are convinced. They are at present doing their level best to have a bill in passing time.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.
 In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Randolph county, West Virginia, rendered on the 28th day of September, 1899, in the suit in equity of S. Wansley & Co. vs. Jacob S. Wansley and others. And three other causes, heard therewith, the undersigned, on the 2nd day of January, 1900, at the Court House of said county, will offer for sale at auction to the highest bidder the following described tracts of land:

50 acres, 50 acres, 50 acres, 110 acres, 125 acres, 595 acres, 150 acres, 71 acres, 2,000 acres, 125 acres and 21 acres owned by Jacob S. Wansley, so much of the 125 and 110 acre tracts as was not embraced by the conveyance from said Wansley to Jacob S. Wansley will be sold; and so much of the 150 acre tract as was not embraced by the deed from said Wansley to Edgar D. Wansley will be sold. The two tracts of 50 acres and the parcels of the 120 acres, the 125 acres and the 110 acres, not conveyed as aforesaid, together with the 71 acres and the 41 acres compose what is known as the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wansley and is situated on the Tygart Valley River in said county. The 500 acres adjoining the said farm and is principally improved. The 900 acres is situated in Randolph county on Elk River. The 125 acres, the 125 acres and the 110 acres, adjoining each other and are situated on the waters of Greenbrier River in Pocahontas Co. and known as the "Hamilton Place". And the 10 or 12 acres lying on mill creek, Randolph county between lands of L. C. Conrad and S. M. Wansley and the 30 acres, Andrew Wansley land, situated on said creek owned by Melvin Curran; and the 113 acres and 107 acres owned by Patrick Crickard, and being the same lands conveyed by him in trust to Leland Kittle; and the 24 acres, 24 acres and 2 acres owned by Phoebe A. Crickard and being the same lands conveyed to her by James Myers. The five last named tracts compose what is known as the Patrick Crickard home place, situated in Randolph county on the Tygart Valley River near Hartsentown. A part of the lands to be sold composing the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wansley, as well as the lands of the said Patrick and Phoebe A. Crickard will be made by the County Surveyor and exhibited at the sale. The home farm of the said Jacob S. Wansley is largely improved, with barn, two dwelling houses, other buildings and orchards thereon, partly composed of the finest river bottom, with good upland and is a fine state of cultivation. Upon the said 500 acre tract there is a valuable timber, accessible to the Tygart Valley River. The 900 acres on Elkwater has on it about 300 acres of fine soil, the richest soil and a good quality of timber. Upon the said "Hamilton Place" there is about 300 acres haced, about 100 acres of which is in soil and produces the finest blue grass. The residue of the land is very rich soil with limestone and first class timber, such as cherry, ash, hemlock, fir, the 10 or 12 acres, Curran land is improved and is of rich soil with a very fine orchard of young and well selected fruit trees thereon. The said "Patrick Crickard Home Place" except the 113 acres is principally improved land of the finest river bottom, upon which is a new dwelling house, other out buildings, a good orchard and is in a high state of cultivation. The 113 acres lies on the east side of the Tygart Valley River, from the improved lands, is good soil, upon which there is the finest timber, such as white oak, poplar, etc. Such an opportunity for the purchase of valuable timber and improved lands at judicial sale is rarely offered in this section, and parties desiring to make investments in this beautiful valley with the prospect of further development by the extension of the railroad facilities, will do well to investigate the property to be sold.

TERMS OF SALE.
 Said lands will be sold for five per cent of the purchase money cash in hand and the residue in equal annuities upon a credit of 12, 24 & 36 months with interest from the day of sale and purchase to give notes with good security for the deferred payments.

DEEDS.
 Deeds will be made by the County Clerk of the Circuit Court of Randolph County, West Virginia, at the rate of \$1.00 per acre.

John Edgar represents himself as willing to light either or against.

CASTORIA
 for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to me."
 E. J. Adams, M. D.,
 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colds, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Flatulency, Wind, Colic, Worms, Diarrhea, and promotes the growth of the child.

The Castoria Company, 111 Hurley Street, N. Y.

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We respectfully solicit a fair share of patronage of the public, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

A. M. MCCLINTIC & Co.,
 (Successors to Fudge & McHale.)
 Mt. Grove, - - Va.,
 DEALERS IN—
All brands of LIQUORS,
 At from \$2.00 to \$3.50 per gallon. Orders filled promptly.
 Also a full line of general Merchandise.
 Call and examine our both Wet and Dry Goods before you purchase elsewhere.

Hotel by G. W. Wagner,
 GEO. + W. + WAGNER, PROPRIETOR.
 HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Having lately purchased and assumed control of HOTEL POCAHONTAS, it is our purpose to spare no pains to keep just such a house as the public demands.
 Substantial and comfortable accommodations for all guests
 Horses well provided for.
 Charges reasonable.
 Try us and see for yourself.

Respectfully,
GEO. W. WAGNER.

W. R. TYREE, Late of Winchester, Va.
W. S. ROLLINS, Late of Winchester, Va.
TYREE + & ROLLINS,
 DRUGS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, TEAS, SPICES, PAINTS, OILS, & C.

Sole Owners of the Famous Tyree Club Cigar and Shannan Cello Chewing Tobacco.

ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.
 NO. 234 FRONT STREET, Charleston, West Va.

FREE CIGARETTES
 The famous Tyree Club Cigarettes, manufactured in the United States, are sold by all dealers. They are the best and most economical cigarette ever made.

GOOD FLAVOR
 The famous Tyree Club Cigarettes, manufactured in the United States, are sold by all dealers. They are the best and most economical cigarette ever made.

HOME NEWS

The President's message is long, tiresome, tedious and tasteless.

C. P. Dyer, of Addison, was in the city Tuesday.

Look out for Xmas it will be here just in two weeks.

J. C. Loney Jr., started for Washington City, this morning (Wednesday).

The Post Office at Aylmer has been ordered discontinued, to take effect Dec. 31st.

Meers, K. O. Wade and John Wang, of Academy, called to see us Tuesday.

Quite a number of gentlemen attended the sale at this place Tuesday.

W. R. Tyree, of the firm of Tyree & Bellins was in town last week.

Mr. J. R. Pogue, Sr., of Edray, is visiting his daughter Mrs. A. Barlow, at this place.

Mrs. Jas. E. Moore and wife, of Mill Point, were in attendance at preaching Sunday.

THE TIMES job office has had a big run of job printing for some days past, among which was work from Virginia towns.

We printed for Atty. H. S. Bicker this week a brief for the Court of Appeals in the case of Ashbridge vs. McNeel, Board, &c.

We would like to have President Harrison in our town to write legal ads, for our paper, for we get 25 cents a word for each, and we believe we can talk more and say nothing than any man in the United States.

We have rec'd a letter from Mr. W. T. Perry, who moved from Beaver creek, a few weeks ago, to Waukechuck, Texas, and he says they are ever well pleased with the country and think he has made a good move.

While Jas. Hart's (Cok) and his wife living about two miles from this place, away from home Monday night their house was broken into and about 150 lbs. of beef stolen.

The harsh, drastic purgatives, once deemed so indispensable, have given place to milder and more skillfully prepared laxatives, hence the great and growing demand for Atter's Pills Physicians everywhere recommend them for constiveness, indigestion, and liver complaints.

Mr. R. H. McCormick, of Grant Pa., who has been in our Co. for some time looking after the interests of the st. Lawrence Lumber Co., had his leg sprained so badly that he had to return home.

Rev. Wm. T. Price's protracted meeting was held at this place last Friday night, Saturday and Sunday, during which time he preached a series of most excellent sermons, and a great deal of interest was manifested.

When the blood is impure, thick, and sluggish, or thin and impoverished, there can be no health. With these conditions, all the functions of the body are impaired, and the result is a variety of dangerous complications. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Last Saturday night, through our weekly agent at Academy, we received, with scarcely an exception from our postmen at this place, their arrears to THE TIMES, and a year in advance, for which we return most heartily our warmest thanks. And we say, if our subscribers of other places, will come up as well, there can be no paper in the state that has a more worthy, cash-paying lot of patrons; and from the short time we have had control of THE TIMES and the daily increase of our subscription list, we feel our service most highly rewarded, and our success in the beyond not as uncertain.

—Did you read that message— we mean Harrison's message.

Dead Letter List.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the Post Office at Haverhill W. Va., on the 30th day of November 1889. If not called for within 30 days they will be sent to the Dead Letter office.

John W. Lightner, 1 letter.
Mary B. May, 1 "
J. F. Hall, 1 "
Pasha Hutter, 1 "
George Carman, 2 "
Rev. L. S. Auld, 1 "
Parties calling for above letters will please say they were advertised.

G. W. WAGNER, P. M.

Deaths from Kindness.

Mr. B. L. Holt and his better half have moved and are keeping house in the residence of Widow McNeel. Rain, rain! mud, mud! The roads are as bad as they ever get to go here.

Mrs. Henry Shaefer of Williams River is visiting her daughters of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Perath of this place celebrated their Golden Wedding Tuesday Dec. 10.

Mrs. Wisinger, of Bonecreek, passed through town last week on her way to visit relatives near this place.

The matrimonial Market of Hillsboro has been quite dull this fall but the signs are changing a little.

JUSTITIA.

Deaths News.

Born to J. Edgar Ashbridge and wife—a little daughter, on the 25th inst. Mr. Ashbridge thinks this better than thanksgiving turkey.

Mr. Jeff Killingsworth and wife returned last Saturday from Bath Co., Va., where they have been visiting for the past two weeks.

Mr. John W. Ward is still confined to his bed, being still better.

The meeting at the M. P. Church of this place, which is being held by Rev. Auld is still going on and up to this time has resulted in the conversion of five souls, and five penitents still at the altar.

O. E. McKeever, Esq., is working on Capt. Apperson's new lotions.

E. E. Overholt and Sons sent away a wagon load of poultry, venison, butter &c, this week.

LOCUST.

STORE BROKEN INTO.

Edray News.

Messrs. Moore & Hannah's store, at this place was broken into a night or two ago and quite a lot of goods are missing. The thief cut his way through a window shutter and window, broke open the cash drawer and got about three dollars, a \$10.00 suit of clothes, two gold rings, a pair of gloves, several pocket knives, some candy and a little tobacco, are among the things known to be gone, it is hard to tell how much is gone.

Mrs. Ruth Moore, who has been quite ill for several days with inflammatory rheumatism, is slightly better today. (Monday).

Mess. Overholt & Callison, have bought a lot of Cherry lumber from Jas. Gibson Jr., last week.

Mr. J. F. Hall, is home again, off his trip to Charleston.

Xs.

Great Bank News.

Mr. Willis Gibson returned yesterday and has taken charge of his school. His mother is somewhat improved. Mr. Jordan from Highland, one of his pupils taught in his absence.

Mrs. Sarah Goss "Aunt Saline" as she is generally called, has been quite ill for two weeks past, having had three severe attacks of cramp. She is better and we hope will soon be restored to health. Also "Aunt Jane" Arlington has been suffering for some time and had the misfortune of getting her foot badly

lamed, from which she is suffering a great deal the old ladies are sisters and highly esteemed.

Harry B. Miles son of Jas. P. Woodhill has been quite sick with cramp the past few days.

Mr. Bernard Slaven of Highland was visiting relatives in and near Town a few days last week.

Messrs W. H. Hall & W. A. Gladwell have bought over 300 rabbits and about 7 dozen pheasants.

PAULINA.

Death of Infants Davis.

Jefferson Davis elapsed his eyes in death at fifteen minutes before 1 o'clock on the morning of the 6th surrounded by friends and relatives who were within call.

He was a man of great bearing and of great integrity and purity; and many a statesman to-day will go down to his grave that will not be missed so much as Mr. Davis; and the south for generations to come will mourn the death of this noble man, and well they might for they mourn for one who represented more than any other the cause for which a million of her most chivalrous men drew their swords and joined battle with the most formidable of adversaries, their own countrymen, for rights and liberties that freemen must ever hold most dear.

Of the night captains and great statesmen he gathered around him when he presided over the destinies of the South, but few survive. They passed away before him, as did the rulers and nearly all the great soldiers of the cause that he confronted so boldly and opposed so stoutly, Lincoln, Grant and McClellan. He has outlived his great, and noble adversaries. He saw them pass away, mourned by a nation and worthily wearing its honors, secure in the love of the people, to whom he was faithful to the end.

One to be with the Redeemer.

The 26th of August, 1889, brought very sad hours to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anna P. McLaughlin, near Huntersville.

It was then their daughter Mary Minnie aged four years and two months departed this life.

On our Sabbath she became seriously ill, the day following, bearing a young Christian Lady singing a hymn accompanied by an organ, she looked upward and asked her mother would there be organs in heaven.

Mamma I love to hear you sing. Through the dark waves roll high, we will be undimmed.

Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." She always had a voice to repeat to her Sabbath school teacher; her last golden text was: "Fear God and keep his commandments."

For more than a year she never closed her eyes at night without repeating her evening prayer.

The bird like voice, whose joyous melody gladdened the hearts of all, made glad this scene of sin and strife, and the true life.

And when she saw a smile too bright, Or heart too pure for tears of woe, He taught us to that world of light, To dwell in Paradise.

W. T. P.

Business Can't be Cured.

By local application, so they cannot reach the diseased prime of the matter. There is only one way to cure disease, and that is by constitutional remedies. Diseases are caused by an impure condition of the blood, and the blood is impure because you have a running ailment, or impure blood, and when it is so impure, it cannot be cured by local application, but it must be cured by constitutional remedies. Diseases are caused by an impure condition of the blood, and the blood is impure because you have a running ailment, or impure blood, and when it is so impure, it cannot be cured by local application, but it must be cured by constitutional remedies.

For any one of these diseases, caused by impure blood, we cannot cure by taking local remedies, but we can cure by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Read the cure for each disease.

F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O.

Cambria Roberts, of Georgetown, near Lincoln's office in W. Washington, has shipped to Canada with about \$75,000 that was entrusted to her care.

Admission to Washburn. Mrs. Washburn's husband died of cholera in 1864, and she has since been afflicted with the same disease. She has been in the hospital for some time, and is now in a very weak state of health. She is now in the hospital for some time, and is now in a very weak state of health.

The Monongahela Bridge in Pittsburgh was damaged by fire on the 5th inst., to the extent of about \$100,000.

When they were sick, or gave her comfort. When she was ill, she called for comfort. When she had children, she gave them comfort.

WHEAT FOR SALE.—Having five hundred bushels of wheat to sell, I offer it for the next 30 days for cash at 90 cts. per bu. at my granary. Respectfully, H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

White Pine Lumber.

I am now prepared to furnish White Pine Lumber, Shingles and Laths on short notice. Any one desiring bills sawed will please furnish me bill and it will be furnished on short notice.

My mill is situated near Alexander Rider's. Respectfully, H. M. LOCKRIDGE.

Catarrh

It is a hard disease. Until you get it, it is expected from the system, there can be no cure for this headache and catarrh of the throat. Therefore, the only effective remedy is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The worst you begin to suffer, delay is dangerous.

I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but without success. I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint, and completely restored my health. I am now well, and my system is better than ever. I can give no better evidence of the value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and its effect on the system, than the fact that I am now well, and my system is better than ever. I can give no better evidence of the value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and its effect on the system, than the fact that I am now well, and my system is better than ever.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25 cts. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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Pocahontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Half col'n	4.00	5.00	8.00	14.00
One col'n	10.00	20.00	30.00	50.00

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 12, 1889.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The other night I was taken with a sort of a pleurisy pain, and I nudged Mr. Bowser and asked him to get up and mix me a mustard plaster. He lay on the broad of his back, hands locked under his neck, and was snoring as if he was hired to give a midnight performance on a fog-horn.

"Oh! Yes," he growled as I nudged him.

"Mr. Bowser, get up."

"Yum! Lemme 'lone."

Mr. Bowser, I am in great pain."

"Yes, I know."

"Will you get up?"

"What the mazzar now?" he demanded as he tried to sit up in the bed.

"I am threatened with pleurisy."

"Hey! Who is it?"

"I am threatened with pleurisy, and I do wish you would get up and mix a mustard plaster for me."

"Gosh!" he growled now fully awake. "You just lie quiet and the pain will go away."

He dropped back and began to snore again, but after 10 minutes' hard work I got him out of bed. He sat on the edge, staring blankly into vacancy, and ready to fall back at any moment, and even while I was telling him that I might not live till morning he fell over, racked himself under the clothes, and went to sleep while I was pulling his hair.

A night or two later, just after the bells had struck 12, I dreamed that I was being chased by a lion-motive. It gave an extra twist and awoke me. I discovered that too to be Mr. Bowser's voice growling.

"For land's sake get up, or I shall be a dead man."

"What is it?"

"Terrible cramps in my stomach. I'm just tied in a knot."

"Oh, it's only a passing pain," I replied as I caught my pillow again.

"Lie still and it will soon go off."

"Lie still thunder!" he yelled, as he got one leg out of bed. "I tell you I shall be a corpse within an hour if I don't get relief!"

"Well, you'll find the Jamaica ginger on the sideboard. Take a big dose of it in wine."

"I'll never find it! Oh! Heavens, what a pain!"

I wanted to get up, of course, but I was determined to pay him back in his own coin. I therefore abruptly fell asleep, and after being lag around the room for a few minutes, he went out. He was back again in three minutes, however, to snore.

"Are you going to lay there and let me die like a sick horse?"

"But you didn't get up for me."

"I know it, that was because I—"

"Whomp! Blame blame, but I know I'm dying."

I had to get up, of course, and, of course, I had him delivered in a quarter of an hour. Man-like, he was frightened to death at a pain which he would have expected me to keep perfectly still about.

Mr. Bowser is also like all other husbands in another matter. We got started for the theatre, the other night, and I discovered that I had forgotten my opera glasses. He offered to run back for them and I said:

"They are hanging in the bag by the gas jet on the left hand side of our dresser. You can't fail to find them."

Five minutes slipped away—then 10—then I hurried back myself. He was seated in a chair in the hall, hat and overcoat off, and as I opened the door he growled:

"Might as well take off your things."

"But why?"

"We are not going to any theatre this night."

"Not going! Has anything happened?"

"I should say there had! I've looked this infernal house from top to bottom for those glasses, and they are not to be found. We'll put in our evening trying to discover whether they are in the garret or down in the vegetable cellar."

"Mr. Bowser, I told you where those glasses were."

"They are not within 40 rods of it."

"Come up stairs."

"No use. If there even in your room I'll buy you five million silk dresses."

"Come on."

He followed after, and there hung the bag just where I told him he would find it. I looked from one to the other, and Mr. Bowser finally said:

"I see how it is. You'll probably say you told me to look here, in stead of in the spare bedroom dresser! Take off your things, Mrs. Bowser—we don't stir a foot outside to-night."

One night when baby was sick I got Mr. Bowser out of bed to get the paragon. After a great deal of yawning and growling he marched off down stairs, and for the fifth time I told him:

"I remembered to have placed it on that bracket over the lounge."

I heard him thrashing around and knocking about in the sitting room, rummaging in the pantry and upsetting chairs in the kitchen, and after about 10 minutes appeared at the bottom of the stairs and shouted:

"I've looked the darned house all over and can't find it."

"I told you it was on the bracket."

"I know you did, but it isn't there!"

"Sure you have looked?"

"Do you take me for an idiot?"

"Well, I'll come down."

I went down, walked him to the bracket and there sat the bottle before his eyes.

"But it wasn't there a minute ago," he protested. "I looked the bracket over at least five times, and I know I'm not blind. Mrs. Bowser, there are some queer happenings in this house. I think it best that we sit down and have some straight talk."

One day at noon he wanted me to tighten a button on his overcoat and I sent him up to my room for a box of thread and needles.

"You'll find it on the sill of the bay window, where I left it half an hour ago," I cautioned, as he went up stairs.

I heard him growling and stomping things about, and after seven or eight minutes I went up to ascertain the cause of delay.

He had pulled every button drawer out, taken down most of the garments in the clothes press, and was then overhauling my jewelry case.

"I'd like to know if there's another woman like you in the house?" he concluded as I appeared.

"We come up here for the thread box, didn't you?"

"Of course I did."

"And I told you it was on the sill of the bay window."

all of the bay window."

"But it—"

I pointed it out to him, and after changing countenance and swallowing a lump he braced up and said:

"Mrs. Bowser it is time to quit this homogeneity! You are too old for such girlish tricks. Next time you try to make a fool of me, I'll ask you to select such furniture as you want and settle on the amount of alimony!"

As He Was Saying.

A man led a raw boned, humble-faced mule down Clifford street, yesterday morning, turned into Griswold, and finally disappeared inside a blacksmith shop.

"Shoes?" queried the stalwart smith.

"Yes."

"Hind?"

"Yes."

"As I was a-saying when you came in—"

Here he picked up one of the mule's legs and went half way across the shop by a twist of the animal's hip. He returned to the attack with unflinching calmness, saying:

"As I was a-saying when you the mule came in—"

This time he gets a hind foot in the ribs and was almost knocked over his myril. He braced up, opened his eyes a little wider, and making another grab for the same, foot he repeated:

"As I was a-saying when the mule and you love—"

This time he got both feet in quick succession, and was driven to the wall ten feet away.

"What is it you are trying to tell me?" asked the owner of the mule.

"Why, I was a-saying as you turned the corner that if you brought that infernal brute to this shop I'd break his back with a crowbar, and now you get him out or I'll do it!"

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

So designated that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, where the phlegm cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites it is much more efficacious.

Remarkable as a Spleen purifier.

Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best Preparation in the world for the relief and cure of:

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS AND CHRONIC COUGHS.

The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

Many Persons

have taken Scott's Emulsion and found it to be the best remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

PHILADELPHIA SINGER

WARRANTED 6 YEARS.

LOW ARM. HIGH ARM.

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FIFTEEN DAYS' TRIAL

IN YOUR OWN HOME WITHOUT PAYING CASH.

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PISO'S CURE FOR

Pleurisy, Cough, Consumption, and all the most distressing diseases of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this early means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

CONSUMPTION

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Huntersville, W. Va.

December 19, 1889.

One hundred thousand persons viewed the remains of Hon. Jefferson Davis as he lay in state in New Orleans.

Hitherto Goff has claimed that he would be Governor of West Virginia. Now he says that the Democrats will "quit him out."

MR. HARRISON, in his message, insists on civil service reform. He has himself inaugurated it by appointing a surgeon as postmaster in Louisiana.

Robert Browning, the English poet died peacefully at Venice at 10 o'clock on the 12th. He was born in 1812, and in 1846 married Elizabeth Barrett, herself a poet, and to her genius almost as much as to his own, he owed his wide reputation.

Another heavy weight colored pugilist has landed up at Vicksburg, Cal. His name is Dan Hatch, and he is the subject of "Black Demon." He stands 5 feet 11 1/2 inches in height, weighs 190 pounds, and has issued a challenge to any colored pugilist in the world, barring Peter Jackson, for a purse of \$500 or \$1,000.

IN PRESIDENT HARRISON A FREE TRADER.—The Republican Press and speakers, almost without exception, have proclaimed every Democrat as a free-trader who advocated the reform or modification of the tariff. Now that Harrison, their own President, favors a change of the tariff and an extension of the free list, will they charge that he is a free-trader, if not, why not? Will they not charge him, or will they admit that they did not believe what they said when they affirmed that the Democrats favored the policy of Free trade, and that they did so merely for party effect?

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondents.
WASHINGTON, December 13.—MR. HARRISON and Mr. Morton are no longer on friendly terms. As much has been suspected for some time, but it was not until the trip to Chicago from which both of them returned Wednesday morning, that the suspicion became a certainty. They would not go together, nor even on the same line of railroad. One had a special car on one line and one on the other, although one would have furnished ample accommodations for both parties. In Chicago they had nothing to do with each other, and at the dedication of the auditorium, which both attended, they sat apart, separated, although, it was the intention of the managers of the affair that they should make their entrance arm-in-arm. It is not probable that any one thing brought about the present state of feeling between the two politicians—it has been steadily growing since March. Mr. Morton was a very liberal, and might

say extravagant, contributor to the republican campaign fund, and he very naturally thought that he was entitled to a little more than the fifth wheel sort of influence usually accorded the Vice President. Mr. Harrison, it seems, thought differently, hence they now confine their association to barely speaking as they pass by.

Senator Call has created a mild sort of a sensation by introducing a bill authorizing the President to open negotiation with Spain for the purchase of Cuba. Whether or not Cuba, or whether Spain wants to sell Cuba, have suddenly become interesting questions. To the first question there are many answers, mostly different. The last very one, nearly answers in the affirmative.

Poor Mrs. Harrison! Everybody is sorry for her. She has been carrying herself to death because she could not live in the White House as she did at Indianapolis, and now to add to the good, little woman's trouble her sister Mrs. Scott Lord, has died. It will not be at all surprising if Mrs. Harrison's health should break down under the burden of sorrow. She has not been well for months.

No man ever spoke to an audience which more nearly represented the entire civilized world than was the one which gathered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Wednesday afternoon, to hear Chief Justice Fuller deliver an address on the inauguration of Washington. The Chief Justice, though making no pretense of being an orator in the popular sense of the word, acquitted himself in a manner that was highly creditable to him, and enjoyable to his hearers. The ceremonies were held in commemoration of one hundred anniversary of Washington's inauguration. The real anniversary was the 30th of last April, but as Congress was not in session at that date it postponed its part in the centennial until December 11.

Speaker Reed has already proven that the republican managers knew what they were about when they elected him for Speaker. Never before has any Speaker announced any of the committees of the House until they were all completely made up, but so anxious are the republicans to out-step the democratic members and give their seats to the republican contestants, that president was not able and the committee announced last Monday. The committees named are Ways and Means; Appropriations; Manufactures; Elections; and Mileage. The committee on Elections is the one they wanted to get in work, as no combined election case can be made up by the House until it is reported from that committee.

The deflation and absconding of E. C. Silcott, Cashier of Sergeant at arms London office is still worrying the members of the House and the question of whether the Treasury shall lose the \$72,000 stolen by the members for whom pay it was drawn, is not decided. It is probable that it will be dead loss, so it is the opinion of shrewd lawyers that Mr. Lincoln's bond of \$20,000 is so drawn that it cannot be looked to make good any part of the money stolen by Silcott.

It was not intended by the administration that any official notice should be taken of the death, or funeral of the late Jefferson Davis, but the closing of all the departments at noon on Wednesday, an account of the Congressional memorial, caused many people to think they were closed in honor of Mr. Davis, that being the day of his funeral.

The news of the bills so far introduced are back numbers, that is, they were before Congress at the last session, and failed to be acted on.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Randolph county, West Virginia, rendered on the 29th day of September, 1889, in the suit in equity of C. J. Johnson & Co. vs. Jacob S. Wansley and others. And three other cases, heard therewith, the undersigned, on the 3rd day of January, 1890 at the front door of the Court House of said county, will offer for sale at auction to the highest bidder the following described tracts of land: 50 acres, 50 acres, 500 acres, 110 acres, 125 acres, 500 acres, 150 acres, 71 acres, 2,000 acres, 122 acres and 80 acres owned by Jacob S. Wansley; so much of the 125 and 110 acre tracts as was not embraced by the conveyance from said Wansley to Jacob Crouch will be sold; and so much of the 150 acre tract as was not embraced by the deed from said Wansley to Edgar D. Wansley will be sold. The two tracts of 50 acres each and the parcels of the 150 acres, the 125 acres and the 110 acres, not conveyed as aforesaid, together with the 71 acres and the 41 acres compose what is known as the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wansley and is situated on the Tygart Valley River in said county. The 500 acre adjoins the said farm and is principally unimproved. The 800 acres is situated in said county on Elk Water. The 500 acres, the 125 acres and the 50 acres, adjoining each other and are situated on the waters of Greenbrier River in Pocahontas Co., and known as the "Hamilton Place." And the 16 or 12 acres lying on mill creek, Randolph county between lands of L. C. Conrad and S. M. Wansley and the 30 acres, Andrew Wansley land, situate on said creek owned by Melvin Croucher; And the 112 acres and 107 acres owned by Patrick Crickard, and being the same lands conveyed by him in trust to Leland Kittle, and the 94 acres, 84 acres and 2 acres owned by Phoebe A. Crickard and being the same lands conveyed to her by James Moyers. The five last named tracts compose what is known as the Patrick Crickard home place, situate in Randolph county on the Tygart Valley River near Huntersville. A plat of the lands to be sold composing the home farm of the said Jacob S. Wansley, as well as the lands of the said Patrick and Phoebe A. Crickard will be made by the County Surveyor and exhibited at the sale. The home farm of the said Jacob S. Wansley is largely improved, with barn, two dwelling houses, other buildings and orchards thereon, partly composed of the finest river bottom, with good uplands and in a fine state of cultivation. Upon the said 500 acre tract there is valuable timber, accessible to the Tygart Valley River. The 800 acres on Elkwater has on it about 800 acres of fine soil, the richest soil and a good quality of timber. Upon the said "Hamilton Place" there is about 800 acres haced, about 100 acres of which is in soil and produces the finest blue grass. The residue of the land is very rich soil with limestone and fine class timber, such as cherry, ash, hemlock, etc. The 16 or 12 acres, Oakwood land is improved and the 30 acres is particularly improved and is of rich soil with a very fine orchard of young and well selected fruit trees thereon. The said "Patrick Crickard Home Place" except the 112 acres is principally improved land of the finest river bottom, upon which is a new dwelling house, other out buildings, a good orchard and is in a high state of cultivation. The 112 acres lies on the east side of the Tygart Valley River, from the improved lands, in good soil, upon which there is the finest timber, such as white oak, poplar, etc. Such an opportunity for the purchase of valuable timber and improved lands at judicial sale is rarely offered in this section, and parties desiring to make investments in this beautiful valley with its prospects of further development by the extension of the railroad facilities, will do well to investigate the properties to be sold.

TERMS OF SALE.
Said lands will be sold for five per cent of the purchase money cash in hand and the residue in equal amounts upon a credit of 4, 12, 24 & 36 months with interest from the day of sale and purchase to give notes with good security for the deferred payments.

DEAN E. SCOTT, Special Agent in Charge, U. S. Marshal, U. S. Court House, Charleston, W. Va.

I certify that bond and security have been given by the above named Commissioner as required by the decree of sale.

W. H. WAGNER, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Randolph County, W. Va.

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